

Air an fhear 's mi nach dean - adh lochd
 Leis an seinn - teadh gu ciuin a' chruit,
 Mar a' ghian thu 's i smal - adh reult,
 Lean - adh dluth fo do shuil 'san t-seilg
 sinn ri faire mu cheal - chorp bu righ
Thee would I cause nor pain nor sigh
Who would soft - ly play the harp
Went the sun put - ting stars to shame
Hunt - trail in thy love have they found
That we to - night death - watch a king

Cha robh treun gun a dhèach - ainn fein
 Air an laoch cha do dhearg am fraoch,
 Bha 'n treas bàs guin - eadh bàrr do luinn,
 'S o'n a b'ait le mo Dhearg an triuir
 'S duth d'ar caithris bhi gu flath - ail fial
To each brave com - eth test of fire
Blood fury left on thee stain nor mark
Deaths three point ed they thy blade
Three there were dear to thee I trow
State ly calm, o - pen hand, our mien

'S truaigh do'n tè tha gun cheill' an nochd.
 Ged a ghiug - adh mo ghaol le tuire.
 Ged nach cluinn thu an nochd an streup.
 Theid an triuir anns an uir le Dearg.
 B'e sid riamh mais - e Dheirg 'na chliith.
Black er fute to be left be hind.
Tho' low luid by the boar at last.
Tho' thou to night art deaf to fame.
Let these three be to thee for shroud.
Such was Dearg in his life I ween.

The Lay of Diarmad.

4 "The foe who has come, the foe who will come, the foe who is there now!"

THE SEA-SORROW.

THE sea has given to Hebridean song its fiercest joy and its most passionate sorrow. The former is illustrated in the "Sea-reivers' Song" and "The Ship at Sea;" the latter finds fitting expression in "The Sea-sorrow," "Ailein Duinn," and "The Seagull of the Land-under-waves." The songs of the sea-rapture are much less numerous and are, as a rule, the songs of men; the songs of the sea-sorrow are invariably the songs of women. The men reive and rove, and dream of strange lands and adventures beyond the waves.

Tha na luings a' seoladh
Le'n cuid òigear tro 'n chaoi,
An tòir air gaisge 's air gàbhadh,
Air ceol-gàire 's air gaol.

The ships go a-sailing
With the young through the straits,
In search of adventure and danger,
The music-of-laughter and love.

But the women lose their husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts, and the burden of their song is—

Fuar fuar fuar,
Fuar an cuan 's gur snàgach,
Fuar fuar fuar
O h-aigèal gu 'barr i.

Cold cold cold,
Cold the sea and snakish,
Cold cold cold,
From depths to top-wave she.

This gloomy picture of the *Tir-fo-thuinn*, the Land-under-waves, is not, however, the one given by those who ought to know best: the spirits of the drowned ones. "Cold thy bed to-night," said a woman once to the spirit of her drowned husband. "It is neither hot nor cold," was the reply, "but just as one might wish, if as he wished he got." "If not cold, lonely at any rate," suggested the woman. "I have the best heroes of Lochlann beside me," said the man, "and the best bards of Erin, and the best story-tellers of Alba, and what we do not know ourselves, the seal and the swan tell us." "Treasure of my heart," said the woman, "are not we the foolish ones to be weeping and sorrowing for the men, and they so happy in the Land-under-waves!" "Is fhior duit sin! Thou speakest truth there!" said the man, as he vanished into the night and the sea. To sorrow for the drowned ones is worse than foolish, however, it is actually cruel to the men.

Is trom an t-éideadh am bròn,
Is truim' an léine am bròn.

A heavy dress: sorrow,
A heavier shroud: sorrow.

And more than once the weeping woman on the shore has heard the voice of her lost one in the waves entreating her to lift off him the burden of her grief.

A-Vòre, my love, lift off me thy woe,
The clouds are above and the clouds are below,
The stars are above and the stars are below,

The cleric has gone above, but better far to be below
A-Vòre, my love, a-vore, my love,
Lift off me thy woe, lift off me thy woe.*

"Never a sigh comes from the heart," said a woman of Uist, "but a drop of blood falls in its place." And in Eigg the old folk said that the tears of a woman o' sorrow fell in blood-drops on the heart of her loved one under the sea—"and is it not the sad thing to be drowned twice, once by the waves, and once by the tears of your folk!" And not only is the sorrow of the women cruel to the drowned ones, but it is also a source of danger to themselves. It is considered wrong, for instance, to sing a drowning-song twice in an evening, and some of the older generation refuse to sing one at all after sunset. "It is not right," one is told, "to disturb the rest of the ones-no-more; it is bad enough to put sorrow on them, but it is seven times worse to put anger on them." And stories are current in which the spirits of the drowned ones, exasperated beyond all patience, appear in their old homes between midnight and cock-crow, and give the women-folk a fright which soon dries their tears and banishes their sorrow. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that in the Hebrides (where one would least expect it) excess, whether of joy or of grief, is regarded as a direct tempting of Providence, and one is often told that "laughing overmuch is an omen of tears, and weeping overmuch an omen of greater evil to come." But the folk *will* tempt Providence all the same!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* The Gaelic version has appeared in *The Celtic Review*, vol. IV, p. 248

SEA SORROW.

Am Bron Mara.

Air taken down from the chanting of
Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

Arr. with words and pianoforte accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER, and
KENNETH MACLEOD.

VOICE. *(Bial)*
Beul a' mhir-e
Mouth of glad-ness!

PIANO. *(80 = ♩)*
pesante ma dolce
With a sad rocking rhythm.
With Pedal.

's a' cheol-gàir - e! 'Struagh nach mis - e bha ceart lamh riut. *Hu io ho
mu - sic's laugh - ter Sad that I am not be - side thee.

hug o An druim a' chuain no'n iom - all tragh - ad, Ge b'e àit am
On ridge of o - cean, shelf of shore What place so e'er the

fàg an làn thu Hu io ho hug o Taobh ri taobh a ghaol mar bàbh-aist
tide has left thee Side by side, my love, dear heart

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†Old Gaelic words adapted; the translation is practically literal.

*pronounced Hoo-yo-ho-hook-o

Taobh ri taobh gun dùil ri t'fhag-aile Sior dhol suain 's ar màin-ran samh-ach,
Side by side nor thought to part Ev - er quiet to sleep a - fall - ing,

Gair nan stuadh a luaidh'gar tal - adh. Hu io ho hug o Och mo leòn cha
Croon of waves, O love, our tal - a. Ah! my wound! he

chluinn mo ghradh mi Bath - adh stuadh air m'os - na chrait-ich. Beul a' mhir-e!
hears no more, Wave-drown'd is my cry of woe. Mouth of gladness!

's a' cheol-gair-e! 'Struagh nach mis - e bha ceart lamh riut, Hu io ho hug o
mu - sic's laugh-ter! Sad that I am not be - side thee!

rall. *f a tempo.*

Sea sorrow.

*tala - lulling song.

Nach cluinn thu ghraidh mi?
Hear'st not my cry now?

ten.
f
a tempo.
ten.
p
p dolce

The Air to this song is a form of wailing chant well known in the Isles. The notes of the recurrent refrain are constant, the various members of the reciting phrases are variable and interchangeable, and may be repeated or re-arranged at pleasure. As the old time singers of laments and eulogies were oftentimes bards who improvised under the stress of emotion, they would naturally adapt these traditional chants to the needs of the moment. It is interesting to note how fond they were of the descending pentatonic formula—la sol mi re do—the notes of Wagner's Fire Music motive in the Walküre.

The words of the Sea-Widowhood (partly from Mrs Maclean, the Glen, Barra, and partly from Kenneth Macleod) are sung to the same wailing chant, and strung together on a like linking recurrent "Ho ro bha hug o"

Bantrachas-cuain.

Gura mis' tha fo mhulad
'S mi air tulaich na h-àiridh;
Mi bhi faicinn nan gilleann
Anns an linne 'gam bàthadh;
Ged is oil leam gach aon diubh,
Fear mo ghaoil gur e chraidh mi,
'Se mo cheist do chul dualach
'Ga shior-luadh air bharr sàile;
'S tu 'nad shìneadh 'san tiùrra,
Far 'na bhrùchd a' mhuir-làn thu.
Rìgh! nach robh thu 'nad chadal
Ann an Clachan na Tràghad;
Ann an Eaglais na Trianaid,
Far an lionmhor do chàirdean;
Gu 'm biodh deoir mo dha shùla
Mar an drùchd glasadh t' fhàile.
Faic, a Dhia, mar tha mise—
Bean gun mhisneach gu bràth mi;
Bean gun mhac gun fhear-tighe,
Bean gun aighear gun slainte;
Ged bu shunndach an Nollaig
'S dubh dorrnach Caisg dhomh.

The Sea-Widowhood.

*I am the woman of sorrow
On the knoll of the sheiling;
A-seeing the lads
In the gulf a drowning,
Tho' a hurt to me each one of them
He of my love is the wound of me.
Dear to me thy ringleted locks
Ever tossed about on the crest of the waves,
And thou low-lying in sea-wrack
Where the high tide has stranded thee.
O king! would that thou wert in sleep
In Clachan na Tràghad,*
In the church of the Trinity
Where death-sleep thy friends;
Then would the tears of my eyes
Like the dew make green thy grave.
See, O God, how I am—
A woman without heart for ever,
A woman without son, without husband;
A woman without gladness or health.
Merry was my Christmas,
Black and sorrowful my Easter.*

(NA REUBAIREAN.)

Air from Penny Macdonald. Eriskay.
Old Gaelic words from Kenneth Macleod.

Arranged with adaptation and Pianoforte Accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Con moto.

Like the wind.

VOICE. *Like the wind.*

PIANO. *8.*

L. H. R. H.

Hug
Hook -
Hug
Hook -

or in ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol, Bè sid ar ceol bhi reub-adh mar - a,
 ò - rin - yo! When winds do blow, Sea reiv - ers know the madd'ning mu - sic.
 òr in ò, tha coinn-lean oir, Tha nì is pòr air foid nan dabh-ach
 ò - rin - yo! On Dav - ach low, There's kine and corn and gol - den can - dles

Ho i o, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol.
Ho - i - o the winds do blow.

Cres. *Dec.*

250.

Ho i ò, tha ròin nan caol A' dol 'nan sgaoth gu Eir-inn mar ruinn,
Ho - i - ril. great shoals of seal Hard by our keel fast fol - low af - ter
Ho i ò, tha fir 'nan drùb A bhios 'nan dùisg mus fàg sinn cal - a.
Men at play, ere close of day Will, cold as clay in * kiel be ly - ing.

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*Keil = Cell, meaning churchyard, pronounced Keel. Dabhach = a large corn-vat, meaning here as much land as that amount of corn would sow.

Ho i ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol.
Ho - i - o the winds do blow.

And. ** ten*

Ho i ò, tha lach-aidh's geoidh An dùil ri ròic 'nuair
Wild sea-ducks and gree-dy geese Look for a feast when
Ho i ò, tha fir air ghill A bhios 'sa' chille mun
Men that sleep will wak-en wide Ere with the tide we

And. ** colla voce And.*

ni sinn Man-ainn Ho i ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol.
we're at an-chor. Ho - i - o the winds do blow.
am so'n ath-oidhch' leave their Ca - la.

** And.*

Last time only. 8va

ff ***

Cala = a haven. pronounced Ka-la.
A Hebridean Sea-Reivers' Song.

TIR-NAN-ÒG.

Or, Skye Fisher's Song.

The Celtic Heaven, *Tir-nan-Og*, the Land-of-the-ever-Young, lies somewhere to the west of the Hebrides, where the sun sets. And the Celtic soul ever waits on the shore of the great Sea for the coming of the White Barge which, year in year out, ferries the elect across the waves to the Isle where they would be. And that same Barge needs wind nor sail nor rudder to make her speed like a bird over the sea; the wish of the Fate that guides her is her all and her in all.

1.

Gàir nan tonn gur trom an nuallan
Seirm am chluais do ghlòir,
Dan nam beann, gach allt is fuaran,
Siaradh nuas le d' cheòl;
'S tu gach là gun tàmh mo bhuaireadh,
T' iargain bhuan 'gam leòn,
'S tu gach oidheche chaidh mo bhruadar,
O Thir-nan-Òg.

2.

Bàs no bròn cha bheò 'nad loinn-thir,
Ùir air foill 's air gò,
Sàir sior-òl do dheò 's do chaoimhneis,
Aoibhneas snàmh 's na neòil;
Reultan àrda là 's a dh' oidheche
Boillsgeadh sèamh tro' cheò,
Teudan tlàtha fàs ad choilltean,
O Thir-nan-Òg.

3.

Cùl nan tonn tha long mo bhruadair
Fuaradh mar bu nòs,
Rùn an Dàin a ghnàth 'ga gluasad
Ciuin le luaths an eòin;
Iubhraich Bhàin na fàg mi 'm thruaghan
Taobh nan cuantan mòr,
Doimhne cràidh is gràidh 'gam dhuanadh
Gu Tìr-nan-Òg.

1.

*The roar of the waves, plaintive their sound,
As they chant in my ear thy praise,
The song of the bens, the fountain and stream,
With thy music downward flow;
By day my witchment ever thou art,
Thy longing eternal me wounds,
And by night thou art ever my dream,
O Tir nan Òg.**

2.

*Death nor sorrow in thy Beauty-land lives,
In the grave are deceit and guile,
The brave ever drink of thy generous life,
Gladness swims in the clouds;
Lofty stars by day and by night
Shine softly through a mist,
Mellowest harps grow up in thy woods,
O Tir nan Og.*

3.

*Behind the waves, the ship of my dream
Goes sailing as of yore,
The wish of Fate ever speeds her way
Silent and swift as a bird;
White Barge, O leave me not in distress
On the shore of mighty seas,
Depths of pain and love me song-draw
To Tir-nan-Og.*

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Cheer nun òk (or in Italian spelling cir nan òk)

TIR-NAN-ÒG,

Or,* Skye Fisher's Song.

Original Gaelic poem by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Melody noted in a fishing boat off the Isle of Eriskay
from the singing of Gillespie Macinnes,

and fitted with English words and piano accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a heavily rolling rhythm.

VOICE. Or Gàir nan tonn gur
Far the rug-ged

PIANO. *pesante ma dolce* L.H.
Or R.H.
L.H. *Il canto marcato.*
With Pedal.

♩ = 90.
about.

trom an nuall - an Seirm am chluais do ghloir Dan nam beann gach allt is fuar - an
mis - ty Isle The Isle of Skye doth show Jag-ged line of blue Cool-lins

Siar - adhnuas le d' cheòl 'S tu gach là gun tàmh mo bhuaireadh T'iar-gainbhuan'gam
In the ev-'ning glow Pur-ple wa-ter troughs swift cut-ting Clean my boat cleaves

or And to - night or
leòn 'S tu gach oidhche chaoidh mo bhruadar O Thir nan Òg.
thro' And to-night a - gain I'll greet thee, *mo nee - an doo.

*mo nee - an doo = my maiden dark
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*This song may be had separately.

Bàs no bròn cha bheò 'nad loinn-thir Ùir air foill 's air gò Sàir sior òl do
By the glimmer of thine eyes in black-est night, I know, By the light of

dheò 's do chaoimhneis Aoibhneas snamh's na neoil Reul-tan ar - da la 's a dh'oidhche
love that's kin - d'd When my love I show, By the joy that leaps and laughs there

Boillsgeadh seamh tro' cheò or I know, Teu - dan tlàth - a fàs ad choill-tean O Thir nan
Like the danc-ing sea, By all these, I know, no nee - an, Thou lov - est

Ùg. me. Cul nan tonn tha long mo bhrud - air
Near - er now, the mis - ty Isle, The

Fuar - adh mar bu nos Rùn an Dàin a ghnàth 'ga gluas-ad Ciuin le luaths an
 Isle of Skye doth loom, And her lights shine soft - ly sea - ward In the twi - light

eòin iùhraich Bhàin na fàg mi'm thruaghan Taobh nan cuantan mòr.
 gloom, Like the light of love that tra - vels Twixt my heart and thine.

leggiero *mf cres.*

or And to - night
 Doimh - ne craidh is graidh 'gam dhuan-adh gu Tìr nan Òg.
 And to night a - gain 'twill light us O heart of mine.

cres. *ff* *p* *3*

May be added or omitted at pleasure.
 By the glimmer of thine eyes, I know, I know.

dim. *p rall.* *colla voce* *p* *p*

Tìr-nan-Òg.

SEA-SOUNDS.

IN *Eilean a' Cheo*, the Isle of Mist, as the folk of the Hebrides call Skye, there is a certain headland which ought to be named, but is not, the Headland of Waiting. Many years ago, and yet not so many either, on one of those beautiful nights which have passed away with the fairies, a young maiden,* tempted by moonlight and love of the sea, found her way to the furthest point of that same headland, and also found when there that she was not alone. Sitting on the rocks were the women of the township, waiting and listening till the dip of the oars and the sound of the *iorram*†, the boat-song, should foretell the return of the men from the fishing-banks and the luck of their catch. By-and-bye, there came across the waves the sound of a light airy *iorram* (perhaps the sea-reivers' song) accompanied by short quick strokes. "Och! och!" said the women, "light is the fishing to-night, but lighter still are the hearts of our men, and warm the welcome before them, be their luck what it may." Later on came other sounds, fainter this time, the tired thud of long laborious strokes and the rising and falling of the slow-rowing *iorram*, *Iùraibh o hì, iùraibh o hò*. "Isn't it the beautiful sound!" said the women, "there is luck on someone to-night, and the luck of one is the luck of all."

The sounds of the western sea are aye such as can be "understanded" of the folk. They foretell good weather and bad, birth and death in the township, the drowning of dear ones on far-away shores. In the storm they voice the majesty of the King of the Elements, and in the quiet evening they fill one with a longing which is hope born of pain. Perhaps other seas have voices for other folk, but the western sea alone can speak in the Gaelic tongue and reach the Gaelic heart. To an Islesman the German Ocean, for instance, seems cold and dumb, a mere mass of water seasoned with salt; it has no mermaids and no second-sight, and if it has seals, they are not the children of the king of Lochlann. To one sea only does the old Gaelic by-word apply:

Dh' iarr a' mhuir a bhi 'ga tadhal.
The sea invites acquaintance.

And if the sea-sounds are sweet to the Islesman at home, they are sweeter still when by faith he hears them in the heart of the mainland, with the unfeeling mountains closing him in. "Columba must have seen a vision of angels to-night," said a man of the glens to one of the Iona monks, in the course of a missionary journey on the mainland; "there is the joy of heaven in his face." The master overheard the remark. "Angel nor saint have I seen," was his reply, "but I have heard the roar of the western sea, and the isle of my heart is in the midst of it." Centuries after, a daughter of Macneill of Barra, home-yearning in a glen far away from the isles and the sea, heard the same eternal roar:

'S trom an ionndrainn th' air mo shiubhal,
Cha tog fìdheall e no cannt;
Gàir na mara 'na mo chluasaibh,
Dh' fhàg sìd luaineach mi sa' ghleann;
Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior-éigheach:
Tiugainn, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhàimh.

Deep the longing that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle lifts it off,
In my ear the ocean sounding
Sets me roving from the glen,
And sea-voices ever call me:
Come, O love, to thy home-land.

Centuries come and centuries go, but the sea-voices never lose their old charm. A few years ago a young Skyeman working in Glengarry succeeded, by sleight of heart, in glorifying a very tiny waterfall into a mighty sea. "I sit in the heather and close my eyes," he said, "and methinks the waterfall is the western sea—and, O man of my heart, my heaven and my folk are in that music." More wonderful still was the "gift" of the Lews servant girl in Glasgow, who could hear twelve different sea-sounds in the roar of the electric cars and the street traffic. The blood! the blood! it is aye the same. St. Columba in the sixth century, the Barra lady-lord in the sixteenth or seventeenth, the Skye crofter and the Lews servant girl in the twentieth—they are all of the west and of the sea, and deep ever calleth unto deep.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

*The young maiden of the moonlight is still with us, a venerable gentlewoman beloved of all who love goodness and music; and she still sings *Iuraibh o hì, iuraibh o hò*—as this book knows.

† *Iorram*=*yìram*.

SEA - SOUNDS.

Gair na Mara.

(A Slow Skye Rowing Song.)

Air and words noted from the singing of
Frances Tolmie.English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Somewhat heavily, with a steady rhythmical swing and curving swell and decrease of

VOICE. 


PIANO. 

With ♯.

tone.



Iur-aibh o hi Iur-aibh o ho Chi mi'n t-ait' 's an
("Your" ee - vo hee) ("Your" ee - vo ho) Fuaim nan ramh a'
For the Isles my
Sound of oars that





robh mi'n uir - idh ho ro
reub-adh tuinn - e o ro Ho i ho rionn ei-le
heart is wea - ry ho ro Ho - ee - ho - ron - yaily
rend the waves hi ho ro



Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o ho
Your - ee vo hee Your - ee vo ho

Chual - a mi fuaim nan tuinn - e ho ro
Fuaim an t-siabain ris a' mhur - an, ho ro
Dear lov'd is-land sounds I'm hear - ing, ho ro Ho -
*Sound of sand-drift'mong the *mur - an, ho ro*

i - ho riom ei - le

Iur - aibh o hi Fuaim nam ball
Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o ho Cha'n fhaic mi
Iur - aibh o hi Your ee o ho *Sound of dragging*
Would I might see From the isles of

ri'n cuid phul - ag, o ho
 ba - ta no cu - rach, o ho
 ca - bles o'er shin - gles o ho Ho - i - o - rionn ei - le
 mur - an, a *cu - rach o ho

With Ped.

Iur - aibh o hi
 Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o
 Iur - aibh o hi Your ee vo
 Would I might hear

Ped.

ho
 ho Fuaim nan Gall ri'n cuid luing - is
 A' till-eadh o thir nan tuinn - e
 Sound of sea-men's voi - ces ring - ing Ho -
 Boat or cu - rach from the isles row-ing

** Ped.*

ro Ho i - ho rionn ei - le.

f p pp

** With Ped.*

Both Pedals.

Island Memories.

*curach = coracle

AILEIN DUINN.

IF by some happy chance this book should find its way to certain remote corners of the earth, both east and west, there are men there who will smile (but with a gulp in the throat) when their eyes light on the sad old drowning-song, *Ailein Duinn o hì shiubhlainn leat*. The picture of a little village in the isles will start up before them; at one end the ruins of a castle; on the shore below it an old boat turned upside down; a white-haired fisherman leaning against the boat, with a band of boys at his feet. The sea, the village, the castle, and possibly the boat, are still there, but it is years now since old Angus, the man from Barra, dreamed away at the parting of night and day to *Tù-nan-dg*. Perhaps some of the boys are sitting at his feet there too, drinking in, as of yore, the talk to which the old song was always the preface:

Oh! yes, a beautiful song that, but sore to sing and seven times sorer to feel. I once knew a woman who both sang it and felt it—long, long ago. The sea, the sea, boys, she puts many a woman into the tears and the song, but for all that she is aye the mistress for old Angus. When I was a baby, it was the crōnan of the waves that put me to sleep, and almost before I could walk I began to paddle about in the wee lochans on the sand. And when I grew up to be a big strong stump of a lad, I was never happy till my father (rest to his soul!) took me as a hand on his own smack. Maybe you will be thinking there was no fun in that at all, but eh! boys, I can tell you it needed navigation to be a hand on my father's smack. There was Ardnamurchan Point, and whiles there was Corrievreckan, and there was the wicked swell off Eigg, and there was the wide sea between Skye and Uist, and there were reefs and rocks forbye, reefs and rocks on which name had never been put, and reefs and rocks which never came up except when our smack was at sea. But did you say fear, boys? Fear on old Angus, or young Angus, as he was then? Never the fear, boys; my father believed there was One above who was Ruler of the waves, and my mother was aye praying to that One, and myself, though no very serious-minded, took off my bonnet every time I passed the chapel or saw others on their knees. Och! och! those were the happy days. Whiles we went to Tobermory for goods, and whiles we even went to Oban for dainties—and eh! boys, those towns were big then, bigger than Glasgow is now, and the shops were finer, and the lights were brighter. I would go ashore with a few bawbees in my pocket, as proud as a king, and come aboard again with white carvy and wee bits of ribbon for my mother, and trumps for the bairns, and goodies for the lassies on the Lord-day. Oh! yes, I liked fine to be civil to the lassies, and walk to the chapel with them, and maybe give them texts that were no' in the Book at all. And then there was the run home, boys, through old *Caol Muile*, past Ardtörnish and Duart and Fiunary and Drimnin—eh! boys, is there no' the taste of honey on each name of them! Ardtörnish and Duart and Fiunary and Drimnin! And it was there the fun would be, and more than fun, racing the Tyree smacks through the Kyles; and I am telling you, boys, they were the heroines at the sailing, those same Tyree smacks. And there was one among them, but she was a wee devil from Colonsay, and sure she must have had the *siubhal-sithe*, the fairy speed, whatever. Her steersman would ask you in the passing—when did you scrape her keel?—and before an impudent answer could leap from your heart to your mouth, my hero could not hear one word you said—no, never a word, though you should have a thunder on the tip of your tongue. Och! och! but yon wee devil from Colonsay! And at twilight maybe, or soon after, we would be at anchor in Canna Isle, and if there we were, sure enough it was the ceilidh for us all, that night. And that was the ceilidh you might call a ceilidh! There would be a crew from Eigg and a crew from Uist, and whiles a crew from Sōay, all kindly folk of our own isles; and after we had told them the news of the world, how the war was going on, and the price of lobsters in Oban, and when the salt-boat was expected in Tobermory, then the songs and the tales would begin, and it would be song for the song and tale for the tale till midnight, or maybe later if there was oil enough in the cruise. But am not I the forgetful one! Midnight, did I say? I am telling you, boys, that if the tale-man from Eigg or the wee shaggy fiddler from Sōay was there, and it was **there they loved to be, it was never** midnight then nor cock-crow nor the going out of the cruise that would see us away, but the end of a tale that had no end or the snapping of fiddle-strings without others to replace them. Eh! boys, the ceilidh,* the ceilidh, and the cruise, and the bonnie fire of peats, and the tales of Eigg, and the croons of Uist, and the music of Sōay, and the soft singing Gaelic of Canna Isle—eh! boys, the ceilidh, the ceilidh, the old beautiful ceilidh of the young days that were! And next day, if we didn't leave Canna early, and it was never early we left, we would see, sometime before midnight maybe, the white swell on Barra shore, and for certain a light in one little cottage; and my father would be thinking too he could see my mother (though, of course, he couldn't) standing in the door and waving her best apron at us. And when we got home we would find supper put down for us in the ben-room (but we knew fine we were no' to be expecting the same next morning); and we would find too that the bairns had fallen asleep with their wee handies lying wide open on the bedcover, ready at any moment to grip the goodies and the trumps—and eh! boys, they did look bonnie, bonnie in their sleep. And just as I would be nid-nodding into the same sleep myself, I would be hearing my father and my mother crooning side by side the old Night Blessing of the Isles:

A Dhe nan Dùl rinn iùl duinn thar a' chuan,
Thoir duinn a nis sèamh-shuain fo sgéith do ghraidh.

King of the Elements, our guide across the sea,
Grant us now soft sleep beneath thy wing of love.

Eh! boys, it was fine, fine while it lasted. But one night a woman in Barra sat at a cold fire-side, though it was no' for want of peats, and wept the widow's tears, and sang *Ailein Duinn o hì shiubhlainn leat*. Oh! yes, a beautiful song, but sore to sing, and seven times sorer to feel.

* Pronounce kaylee.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

AILEAN DONN.

Traditional version collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

Gura mise tha fo éislean
Moch 's a' mhaduinn is mi 'g eirigh; O hì etc.

Cha'n e bàs a' chruidh 's a' chéitein
Ach a fhlichead 's tha do leine. O hì etc.

Ged bu leam-sa buaile spréidhe
'S ann an diugh bu bheag mo spéis dith.

Ailein duinn a laoigh mo chéille,
An deach thu air tir an Eirinn?

Cha b'e sid mo rogha céin-thir
Ach an t-àit' an ruigeadh m' éigh thu.

Ailein duinn mo ghis 's mo ghàire,
'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi bha làmh riut.

Ge b'e eilb no òb an tràigh thu,
Ge b'e tiurr am fàg an làn thu.

Dh' òlainn deoch ge b' oil le càch e,*
Cha b' ann a dh' fhion dearg na Spàinne.

Fuil do chuim, a ghraidh, a b' fhearr leam,
An fhuil tha nuas o lag do bhràghad.

O gu'n drùchdadh Dia air t' anam
Na fhuair mi de d' bhrìodal tairis.

Na fhuair mi de d' chòmhradh falaich,
Na fhuair mi de d' phògan meala.

M' achan-sa, a Rìgh na Cathrach,
Gun mi dhol an ùir no 'n anart,

An talamh-toll no 'n àite-falaich
Ach 's an roc an deachaidh Ailean.

I am the one under sorrow
In the early morn and I arising —

'Tis not the death of the kine in May-month
But the wetness of thy winding-sheet.

Though mine were a fold of cattle,
Sure, little my care for them to-day.

Ailein Duinn, calf of my heart,
Art thou adrift on Erin's shore?

That not my choice of a stranger-land,
But a place where my cry would reach thee.

Ailein Duinn, my spell and my laughter,
Would, O King, that I were near thee,

On whatso bank or creek thou art stranded,
On whatso beach the tide has left thee.

I would drink a drink, gainsay it who might,
But not of the glowing wine of Spain—

*The blood of thy body, O love, I would rather,
The blood that comes from thy throat—hollow.

O may God bedew thy soul
With what I got of thy sweet caresses,

With what I got of thy secret-speech,
With what I got of thy honey-kisses.

My prayer to thee, O King of the Throne,
That I go not in earth nor in linen,

That I go not in hole-ground nor hidden-place
But in the tangle where lies my Allan.

Alexander Carmichael in his "Carmina Gadelica" Vol II p 282 alludes to this song, saying "Anne Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, the entertainer of Prince Charlie at Scalpay, Harris, was exceptionally handsome. She was about to be married to Captain Allan Morrison, Crosbost, Lewis. He was drowned on the way to his marriage. Anne Campbell composed a beautiful lament for her lover."

* The old Celts drank a friend's blood as a mark of affection. In the early years of the 19th Century. *Beathag Mhòr*, "Big Bethia" (Macdonald?) a poetess of Trotternish, Skye, drank "a mild intoxicating drink of the blood" of Martin, the tacksman of Duntulm, "and gave she thanks to Providence that she would have that much of her lover at any rate." Alexander Carmichael has pointed out that both Shakespeare and Spenser refer to this custom.

HARRIS LOVE LAMENT.

(AILEAN DONN.)

Melody noted from the traditional singing of
Frances Tolmie.Translation and Pianoforte Accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 88.

Like the sea.

PIANO. *p* *R.H.*

Very sustained. *And. sempre e legatissimo*

Gur - a mis - e tha fo éis - lean Moch, 'sa mha - duinn
 Cha'n e bàs a' chruidh 'sa' chéit - ein Ach a fhlich - ead
Al - lan† duinn, thy wind - ing sheet o' sea - white foam is

is mi. 'g éir - igh O hì *shiubh-lainn leat! Hì ri bho
 'stha do lein - e (*Engl.*) Oh hee "hew" - lin - let Heer - eev - o
loose - ly wov - en (Ital.) O hì hui - lin - lèt Hi - ri - vo

ho ru bhi hi ri - bho Hò rionn o - ho Ail - ein duinn
 ho - roo - vee heer - eev - o Ho reen yo - ho Al - lan too-een
 ho - ru - vi hi - ri - vo Ho rign o - ho Al - an tuin

*Shiubhlainn leat = I would wander with thee.

Ailein duinn = O brown-haired Allan.

† Pronounced too-een; or "down" pronounced like English "down".

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O hì shiùbhlainn leat.
 Oh hee "hew" - lin - let.
 O hi hiu - lin - lèt.

Ma's è cluas - ag dhuit a' ghaineamh,
Pil-lox'd is thy head on sand, thy
 { O gu'ndrùchd-adh Dia air t'an - am
 { God be - dew thy soul with what I

Ma's è leab - a dhuit an fheamainn O hi shiùbh-lainn leat
bed the gold-en sea - weeds tan - gle. O hee "hew" - lin - let
 na fhuair mi ded' bhrìod - al tair - is O hi hiu - lin - lèt
got from thee of sweet car - ess - es,

Hi ri bho ho - ru - bhi Hi ri bho Ho rionn o - ho
 Heer - eev - o ho - roo - vee Heer - eev - o Ho reen - yo - ho
 Hi - ri - vo ho - ru - vi Hi - ri - vo Ho rign - o - ho

Harris Love Lament. The bracketed verses from Kenneth Macleod's version to be omitted in performance.

Ail-ein duinn O hi shiùbh - lainn leat
 Al - lan too-een O hee hew - lin - let
 Al - an tuin O hi hiù - lin - lèt

Ma's è 'n t-iasg do choinnlean geal - a Ma's è na rò - in
Fish-es are thy can-dles white and seals the watchers
 { * Na fhuair mi ded' chòmhradh fal - aich Na fhuair mi ded'
What I got of se - cret speech with what I got of

do luchd - fair - e O hì shiùbh - lainn leat Hi - ri - bho
by thy bed. O hee hew - lin - let Heer - eev - o
 phòg - an meal - a O hi hui - lin - lèt Hi - ri - vo
kiss - es

Ho ru bhi Hi - ri - bho Ho rionn o - ho Ail - ein duinn
 Ho - roo - vee Heer - eev - o Ho reen - yo - ho Al - lan too-een
 Ho - ru - vi Hi - ri - vo Ho rign - o - ho Al - an tuin

Harris Love Lament.

*May be omitted.

O hi shiùbh - lainn leat.
 O hee hew - lin - let.
 O hi hiu - lin - lèt.

M'ach-an - aich gu Rìgh-na - Cath-rach gun mi dhol an ùir nòn gain - imh
 Thron-ed King! May my grave be by Al-lan in the pur-ple sea.

maestoso

Ach 's an àit' an deach thu Ail-ein Hi ri ri ri u bhi Hi o thug
 hee hew - lin - let Hee ree ree ree oo vee Hee o hook
 hi hiu - lin - lèt Hi ri ri ri u vi Hi o huk

R.H. *R.H.*

L.H. *L.H.*

Ho rionn o - ho Ail-ein duinn O hi shiùbh - lainn leat!
 Ho reen yo - ho Al - lan too-een O hee hew - lin - let.
 Ho rign - o - ho Al - an tuin O hi hiu - lin - lèt.

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

AN ISLAND JACOBITE SONG.

The Silver Whistle. (An Fhideag Airgid.)

* Words orally collected by
MRS E. C. WATSON.

Air noted in Eriskay from the singing of Peggie
Macinnes and arranged for piano and voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Breezily with strongly marked rhythm.

PIANO.
♩ = 120.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes with a strong rhythmic pattern, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 120. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in G major and has a strong, rhythmic character. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the melody. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Hi ri liuth - il o Hi ri liuth - il
Hee reel yew eel oh Hee reel yew eel

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

o ————— Cò a sheinneas an fhid-eag air-gid. Ho ro hu o liuth il o
oh ————— Air luing riomhaich nam ball air-gid. Ho-ro hoo-oh - l-yew-eel - oh
Ul - ag - an òir air gach ceann dith.
Hi ri iu o Rìgh mo dhuth-cha.
Clar-sach ghrinn'si binn 'ga dus - gadh.
Nài - le nài - le long thar fair - ge!
Who will sound the sil - ver whis - tle.
Sil - ver masts and gold - en rud - der.
Naile a ship from over the o - cean.

* The last few lines of Mrs Watson's version (*Celtic Review* Vol. I.) have been omitted, and other lines from a Skye version substituted.

Mae mo Rìgh air tigh-inn a dh'Alb - a. Hi ri liuth - il o
 Le stiair òir is dà chrann air - gid. Ree - ree - l-yew - eel - oh.
 Nai - le 's mo chion's mo sheall - adh.
 Fail - te fàil - te muirn is eliu dhuit.
 Pìob 'san nuall - an air an ur - lar.
 Co a sheinneas an fhid - eàg air - gid.
Our king's son has come to Al - byn.
And her sails of silk of Gal - vain.
Who will sound the sil - ver whis - tle.

Air luing mhòir thar na fair-ge. Ho ro Hu o liuth-il o
 'S cup-aill oirr' de shìod na Gail-bhein.
 Tear-lach òg nan gorm-shuilmeallach.
 Fìdh-leir-eachd is rogh-a ciùil dhuit.
 Claidhean ias-rach air an rùs-gadh.
 Mac mo Rìgh air tìr an Alb - a,
On a great ship o'er the o - cean.
Gold - en pulleys to run her cables in.
My king's son's a shore in Al - byn.

Last time.

An Island Jacobite song.

LOCHBROOM LOVE SONG.

(MÀIRI LAGHACH.)

Gaelic Words by J. MACDONALD.
Old Celtic Air.

Free translation and Pianoforte arrangement by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With simplicity and sweetness.

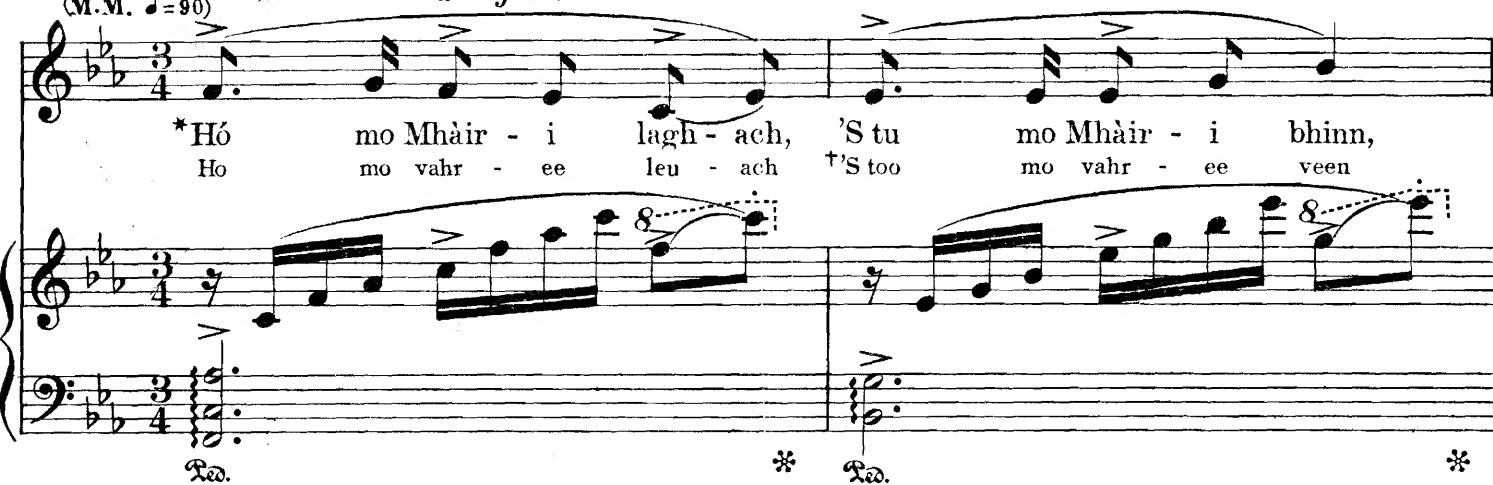
VOICE. 

PIANO. 


(M.M. ♩ = 66)
Con moto.


♩ = 88

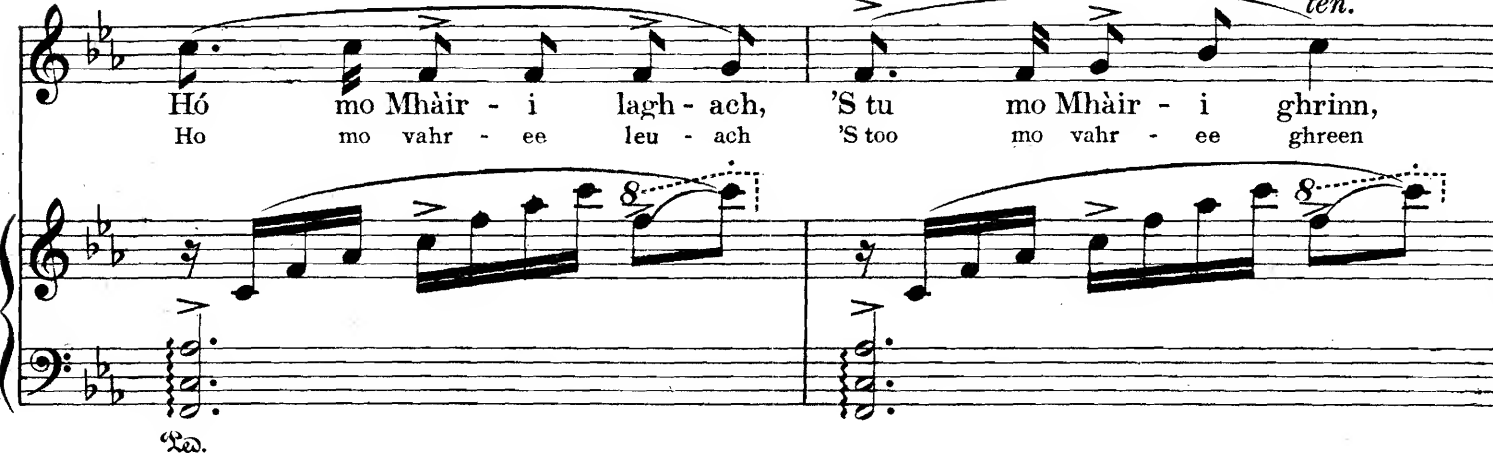
(M.M. ♩ = 90) *With well marked rhythm.*




*Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn,
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach †'S too mo vahr - ee veen








Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn,
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach 'S too mo vahr - ee ghreen





* Literally = Ho, my Mary kind, Thou'rt my Mary sweet, Lovely Mary, born in the glen.

** A vowel somewhat like that in the English word, "lurk?"

† The "T" in "Tu" softer than the English "T," somewhat like "D."

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Hó i hó mo Mhair - i, 'S tu mo Mhair - i bhinn,
Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee S too mo vahr - ee veen

Mhair - i bhoidheach Iur-ach, Rug-adh anns na glinn.
Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog - agh *ounce na gleen.

B'òg bha mis' is Mair - i 'M fàs-aich-ean Ghlinn-smeòil, 'N uair chuir mac - an Bhen-uis
Lad and lass the - gi - ther, As we gaed yes - treen, Thro' peat bog and hea - ther

Saigh-ead gheur am fheòil Tharraing sinn ri chéil-e Ann an eud cho beò,
Mony a day we've been; And as bairn-ies playing By the loch we've seen

Lochbroom Love Song.

Anns = pronounced like the English term of weight "ounce?"

'S nach robhair an t-saoghal A thug gaol cho mór. Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh-ach
 Fair - ies wi' their coats an' Kir-tles o' the green, Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach

Cres. *

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh-ach
 'S tu mo vahr - ee veen Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach

8va *

'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i
 'S tu mo vahr - ee ghreen Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee

8va *

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Mhàir - i bhoidheach lur-ach Rug-adh ams na
 'S tu mo vahr - ee veen Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog-agh ounce na

8va *

glinn.
gleen.

Cha robh inn-eal ciuil A
All the earth is sing-ing

tr

L.H.

a little slower

** **

fhuair-eadh riamh fo'n ghréin, A dh'aith-ris-eadh air chóir Gach
Na-ture's song of morn, Lav-'rocks o'er the *mach-air,

tr

L.H.

tr

L.H.

** **

ceòl bhiodh a-gainn féin Uis-eag air gach lò-nan
Ma-vis by the thorn; And our two hearts sing with

tr

L.H.

R.H.

L.H.

** **

Smeòrach air gach géig, Cuth-ag is gùg gùg aic, 'Mad-ainn chùbhraidh Chéit.
Throb-bing beat the †oran, Life and joy and plea-sure, Love and May new bòrn.

R.H.

L.H.

tr

** **

Lochbroom Love Song.

* Machair = Gaelic word meaning Sandy shore.

† Oran = Gaelic word meaning Song, pronounced òran.

Briskly again.

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach Stu mo vahr - ee veen

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach 'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach Stu mo vahr - ee ghreen

Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn
Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee Stu mo vahr - ee veen

ritenuto.
Mhàir-i bhoidheach lur-ach Rug-adh anns na glinn.
Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog-agh*ounce na gleen.

colla voce. *L.H.*

THE BENS OF JURA.

An t-Iarla Diùrach.

As collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

1. Ma's ann 'gam 'mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheallaidh,
'Se luaidh do mholaidh ni mi gu bràth,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.
 2. Rìgh! gur mise tha gu tursach,
Gaol an iarla 'ga mo chiurradh,
Tha na dèoir a' sior-ruith o m' shùiléan
'S mo chridhe brùite le guin do ghràidh.
 3. Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo bhruadar
Thall an Diùra nam beann fuara,
Bha do phògan mar bhiolair uaine —
Ach dh'fhalbh am bruadar is dh'fhan an cràdh.
 4. Siubhlaidh gealach anns an iarmailt,
Anns a' mhadainn eiridh grian oirnn,
'S coma leam-sa sear no siar iad
Is gaol an iarla 'na thuaineal-bàis.
 5. Thig, a ghaoil, agus dùin mo shùilean
'Sa' chiste-chaoil far nach dean mi dùsgadh,
Cuir a sios mi an duslach Diùrach,
Oir 's ann 'san ùir a ni mise tàmh.
1. *If deceiving me, o love, thou wert;
If deceiving me despite thy vow;
Yet chant thy praise I ever will,
Tho' deceiving me, o love, thou wert.*
 2. *O King! I am the sorrowful one,
And the love of the Earl a-hurting me;
The tears are ever running from mine eyes,
And my heart is bruised with the sting of thy love.*
 3. *Last night I was with thee in my dream,
Across in Jura of the cold bens;
Thy kisses were like the green water-cresses
—Fled the dream—remained the pain.*
 4. *In the heavens will glide the moon,
And in the morning the sun will arise over us;
What care I whether East or West they go,
And the love of the Earl like the torpor of death.*
 5. *Come, o love, and close my eyes
In the narrow kist where I shall never awake;
Lay me down under earth from Jura—
In the grave alone is there rest for me.*

Composed, it is said, by one of the young lady-lords of Lochbuie (MacIaine), who had fallen in love with Campbell of Jura. In the songs the title earl or lord is given freely to chiefs and to chieftains.

THE BENS OF JURA.

An t-Iarla Diùrach.

Traditional words from Kenneth Macleod.
Old air from Mull, first noted by Henry Whyte.

Translation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Or *With a passionate rocking rhythm.* 104 = 

PIANO *p espressivo e rubato.*

ten. ten. ten. ten.

Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh as deigh do
Like wa - ter - cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams Thy kiss, dear love, by the Bens of

col canto.

ten. ten.

gheall-aidh 'Se luaidh do mhol-aidh ni mi gu brath Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh a ghaoil, a
Ju - ra. Cold, cold the {Bens; cold thy love as they. Like wa - ter - cress ga-ther'd fresh from
or {hills

col canto.

bha thu. Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo
cool streams. Gold the morn at dawn up -

long pause.

rall. f

The phrasing indicated applies to the English words only.
in "cress," "fresh," "i" in "streams," "dear," and contrast strongly the two vowels "u" and "i" in "cool streams?"

Sing with characteristic Celtic leaning on the assonance on "e"

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morendo. più agitato.

bhruad-ar Thall an Diùr - a nam beann fuar - a Bha do phòg - an marbhiol-air
 wing - eth, Dreams the night deep-drown'd in dew - mist, And my heart, reft of its own

col canto. dim. p pp mf

*

ten. ritenuto.

uain - e Achdhifhalbham bruid - ar is dh'fhan an cradh. Ma's ann 'gam
 sun, Deep lies sunk in death - tor-por cold and grey. Like wa - ter -

ten. ten.

mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheall-aidh 'Se luaidh do
 cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams Thy kiss dear love, by the Bens of Ju - ra Cold, cold the

col canto.

ten.

mhol-aidh ni mi gu brath Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.
 (Bens, cold the mist and gray. Like wa - ter - cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams.
 hills)

col canto. p pp

FLORA MACDONALD.

NO one will be surprised to find Flora Macdonald among the singers of the isles. Her whole life was a song which lives and will live in the heart and on the lips of the folk. In making a love-lilt to her sweetheart (Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh) she was but following the beautiful custom of her country. Now and again, when some of the old western homes are broken up, one sees in a box of odds and ends a framed piece of sampler-work, with various family names embroidered upon it. In Flora Macdonald's days, and for many years after, the Hebridean maiden spent her evenings making her one song and stitching her sampler, for these, rather than trinkets of gold and silver, were to be her offering to her lover. The sampler became in due time the family record, telling of life and death, joy and sorrow; but the song wandered furth of the home and was sung by the folk as a bit of sampler-work done by a girl in love.

Flora Macdonald stands high in history, but she stands still higher in the lore of the Hebrides. The folk have not, indeed, composed many songs in her praise, but they have done better; what is done to the great only—they have taken the finest ballads of an older world, and made her their heroine. It would be difficult, for instance, to mention a more passionate poem than "Seathan, Son of the King of Erin,"¹ the lament of a maid of ancient times for her slain lover, and there are those in the isles who find in it the life of Flora Macdonald, and her loyalty to her king. The folk seldom err in their reading of character, and in the case of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald, they have probably judged aright both the man and the woman. The man has impressed them, not so much by his strength as by his misfortunes and the charm of his person and cause. The woman, on the other hand, has always been regarded as the latter-day embodiment of an older and stronger heroism. The former feeling created, of necessity, a new literature, tender, glowing, spirited; the latter found itself already voiced in the ballads of the ancient past.

Numerous anecdotes² of Flora Macdonald and the Prince, some of them pathetic, some playful, are still floating through the isles, and may be picked up easily by the sympathetic hand. In Kilmuir, Skye, some of the women were greatly distressed that a gentlewoman like *Fionnaghal Airidh-mhuileann*³ should be so extremely deferential to "a long-legged hussy of a servant, and she not of our own country at all." "Tell them," said Flora Macdonald, "that Betty Burke is Irish, and, sure, might she not put the knife into me, if I weren't civil to her!" The explanation quite satisfied Protestant Skye, which then, as now, had grave doubts about Catholic Erin. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that Flora Macdonald remarked, partly in jest and very much in earnest: "Here is one would give her share of the world, and herself along with it, to get that same Irish girl out of the country." It is worth recording that in Skye Betty Burke had the reputation of being a beautiful Gaelic speaker; "But it is not the same as our Gaelic," said the folk; "we can understand every word she says, but we cannot understand what the words mean." Evidently Prince Charlie's dialect was a judicious mixture of Gaelic and French, which probably made better sound than sense. When in the course of time it leaked out who Betty Burke really was, the folk had difficulty in finding even Gaelic words strong enough to express their feelings. "But it is not a wonderful thing at all," said an old man at the ceilidh. "Does not the lark say in her song, '*Gur minig, minig, minig a theid Criosd an riochd a' choigrich*, that often, often, often goes the Christ in the stranger's guise!" Loyalty could hardly go further. And according to all accounts, the few, and they were not really few, who had been in the secret, went all their days the more softly and the more stately because of what had been, and, in the telling, ever added to the glamour of the tale. "Lady of Kingsburgh," said a cleric who was equally devoted to the Hanoverian dynasty and to Pauline theology, "thou art surely talking of the Apostle Paul, not of a sinful man of our own generation." "Thou man without sense," was the quick retort, "Paul is not the name of my king." And as the tradition grew and mellowed, the halo round Flora Macdonald's head glowed with a deeper, softer light, like the autumn moon shining through mist. "Flora, Flora," said Malcolm Macleod of Raasay,⁴ who had himself assisted in the prince's escape, "no wonder tho' thine eye be pure and thy hand white—the eye has seen and the hand has guided my king." And the old folk whisper that Flora Macdonald's own last words were: *Criosd is Ailean is Tearlach Og*.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

¹ This beautiful ballad will appear, we understand, in the new volumes of *Carmina Gadelica*. *Seathan* (Shayan)=John.

² For the anecdotes given here, the writer is mainly indebted to Marion Macleod, who had them from her aunt, Janet Macleod, so often mentioned in this book.

³ Flora of Arrie-vòlin. She was of the family of *Airidh-Mhuileann* (Anglicised into Milton), South Uist.

⁴ The words occur in a rune, well known in Eigg and Skye as the "Rune of Hospitality."

⁵ *Fhionnaghal, Fhionnaghal, cha'n ioghnadh ged a bhiodh do shùil glan 's do làmh geal; chunnaic an t sùil, is sheòl an làmh, mo Rìgh*. Malcolm Macleod was bard and courtier as well as fighter. See Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, I. 164, 168.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LOVE SONG.

Composed by FLORA MACDONALD.
Sung traditionally by Kenneth Macleod.

Air noted and arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a tenderly passionate swinging rhythm.

PIANO. $\text{♩} = 144.$

mf *p* *R.H.* *simile*

Red. *L.H.*

Ail - ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh - sa?
(Al - lan) tooeen nach cheel co'n turv - sa)
Al - lan would that thou couldst hear me!

Ho Ho fa li liu o Ail - ein duinn nach
Al - lan, would that

Red. *L.H.* *R.H.*

till thu'n taobh - sa?
thou wert near me!

Red. *L.H.*

Ail-ein duinn a luaidh 's a thas - gaidh 'S trom an sac a th'air mo ghiul - an
 Cha to'g fìdh - eall e no clars - ach No piob ard nam fead - an siubh - lach
 Ail-ein duinn o'n dh'fhag thu'n ceann - sa Cha'n eil abh - aehd ann no ionn - tas
 'S beag mo shunnd ri muirn no man - ran 'S mi gach la fo phramh 'gad ionn - drainn
Al - lan taean, my dear my trea - sure, Hea - vy load of love I car - ry
Harp nor fìd - dle e'er can lift it Nor shrill pipes with lilt - ing chan - ter

Ail-ein duinn, nach till thu'n taobh - sa. Ho Ho fa li liu o
Al - lan would that thou wert near me!

mp tenderly *f with passion*

* *Ad.*

Ail-ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh-sa. _____ D. §
Al - lan would that thou wert near me. _____

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

Ail - ein Ail - ein mo ghaol Ail - ein Marc-raich nan each seang-a sunn-dach.
 Ail - ein dninn an lead - ain shoill - eir Shiubhlainn coil-le's doir - e dluth leat.
 Ail - ein dninn a' bhroill - ich bhoidh - ich 'S mil - se leam do phog na siuc - ar.
Sad each day for thee I'm long - ing Gone with thee all joy and glad - ness.
In deep groves and leaf - y wood - lands Fain would I with thee be wan - d'ring.
Al - lan of the curl - ing ring - lets, Sweet to me thy hon - ey kiss - es.

pp *pesante*

Ail - ein dninn nach till thu'n taobh - sa. Ho Ho fa
 Al - lan would that thou wert near me.
 (Al - lan tooeen nach cheel oo'n tury - sa.)

f

li liu o Ail-ein dninn nach till thu'n taobh - sa.
 Al - lan would that thou wert near me.

§ Last Verse only.

THE DEATH FAREWELL.

(O cha tu cha tu thilleas.)

Air noted from the singing of Joan Stuart, Lewis.
Old Gaelic words adapted by Kenneth Macleod.

Arranged for voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

With a dirge like rhythm.

PIANO. *pesante e dolente*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a piano accompaniment (left hand and right hand) and a vocal line. The piano part is marked 'PIANO.' and 'pesante e dolente'. The vocal line includes Gaelic and English lyrics. The first system shows the piano introduction with a 3/4 time signature. The second system begins the vocal entry with the lyrics 'O cha tu cha tu thill-eas'. The third system continues the vocal line with more complex lyrics. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final piano accompaniment.

O cha tu cha tu thill-eas O cha tu cha tu thill-eas
(Oh *cha to cha to heel-yas O cha to cha to heel-yas
O re-turn, re-turn thoult nev-er O re turn re-turn thoult nev-er

'S cinnt-each mi nach tu thill-eas 'Stha mo chridh-e shios fo'n fhòid.
Skeen tyach me nach to heel-yas Ha mo chree a heas fohn °otch.)
Sure am I re-turn thoult nev-er Lies my heart deep in yon grave.

1 2 1 4

*The German 'ch' °the English terminal 'ch' 'tu' like English 'to' or 'too'

0 an Dàn an Dàn 'gam bhuair-eadh, 0 am Bàs am Bàs 'gam ghual-adh,
 0 cha'n àill cha'n àill leam dùsg-adh 0 gu'm b'fhearr gu'm b'fhearr an uir leam
 0 cha till cha till mi dhach-aidh 0 cha tàmh cha tàmh air m'ain-eòl,
Oh the Fates the Fates that blind me O the fires of Death that try me
Home-ward nev-er more re-turn-ing Nev-er rest-ing ev-er yearn-ing

Là is oidh-che dhomh mar bhruaill-ean Tha mo bhrìud-ar shìos fo'n fhòid.
 Chaill mi m'àird-eachd chaill mo chùr-sa Tha mo stiùir-sa shìos fo'n fhòid.
 0 cha till 's cha tàmh rim' mhair-eann Tha mo cha-la shìos fo'n fhòid.
Light and dark come like a night-mare Lies my life dream in yon grave.
Steers my heart with fœv-er'd burn-ing Lies my Ha-ven in the grave.

0 cha tu cha tu thill-eas 'S einnt-each mi nach tu thill-eas
 0 re-turn re-turn I dare not Rove a-fur a-fur I care not

0 cha tu cha tu thill-eas Tha mo chridh-e shìos fo'n fhòid.
 0 re-turn or rest I may not, Lies my ha-ven in yon grave.

pesante ma dolce

Fine.

The death Farewell.

THE MERMAID'S CROON.

Cronan na Maighdinn-Mhara.

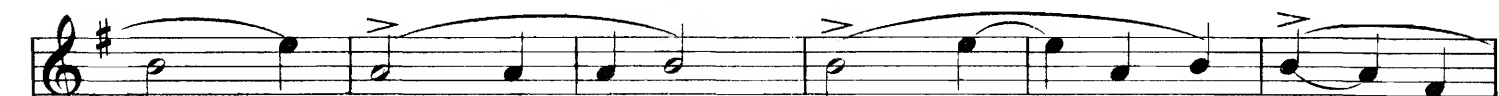
Air as phonographed from the singing of Penny O'Henley
S. Uist, and Traditional words from Eigg.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Dreamily, with gently swinging rhythm.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 




nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu mo
ni-an du He mo ni-an du mo ni - an du Stu mo






chuach - ag He! mo nigh'n dubh Ho! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh -
chuach - ak.)





- ean dubh 'S tu mo chuach - ag.



* The Mermaid was married to a 'mortal'

Caid - il a luaidh Fo chobh - air nan stuadh Air bodh - a na
 Caid - il a ghraidh O caid - il mu thràth Is t'ath - air air
Sleep be neath The foam o' the waves On reefs of
Thy sea - bed The seals o'er - head From reiv - ers

suain 'S do bhrud - ar 's a' cheò - ban Caid - il a luaidh Fo chobh - air nan
 bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air Caid - il a ghraidh O caid - il mu
sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist Sleep be - neath the foam o' the
dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing Seals o'er - head thy deep sea -

stuadh Air bodh - a na suain 'S do bhrud - ar 's a' cheò - ban.
 thràth Is t'ath - air air bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air.
waves On reefs of sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist.
bed From reiv - ers dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing.

Ho! mo nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh -
 (Ho mo ni-an du He mo ni an du Mo ni -

The Mermaid's croon.

— ean dubh 's tu mo chuach - ag He! mo nigh'n dubh
 — an du stu mo chuach - ak.)

Ho! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu mo chuach - ag.

Eal - a rid' thaobh Is
 While I croon, White

roin os do chionn Lach-a Mhoir - e 's a' chaol 'S cha'n *fhaob - ar mo
 swan of the moon, Wild duck of the sound, By thee are

rit.

bhròn - ag Eal - a ri'd thaobh Is roin os do chionn Lach-a
 rest - ing. Moon white swan, White swan of the moon, Wild

rit.

The Mermaid's croon.

* "Reiver-stolen"

rit.

Mhoir - e 's a' chaol 'S cha n fhaob - ar mo bhron - ag Ho! mo
 duck of the sound, A - near thee rest - ing.

rit. *a tempo*

nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu mo

chuach - ag Ho! mo nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh -

ean dubh 'S tu mo chuach - ag.

morendo *pp*

The *Swan* is "the daughter of the twelve moons" (*Nighean an da luan deug*) the *Seals* are "the children of the King of Lochlann under spells" (*Clann Rìgh Lochlainn fo gheasa*) and the *Mallard* is under the Virgin's protection; hence all three are "sacred," and not even the reivers would meddle with the "tenderling" left under such protection.
 The Mermaid's croon.

A HEBRIDEAN SEAFARING SONG.

The Black Loorgin.

AN LURGAINN DUBH.

Old Hebridean Air and Words as sung by
the Gaelic bardess Mary Mackellar.

English Words and Pianoforte arrangement by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

M. ♩ = 88. *With a somewhat tempestuous swing.*

PIANO. *f* *L.H.*

cres. *poco* *a* *poco* *L.H.*

L.H. *Leis an Lurg - ainm o hì*
*On the Loor - *gin, yo hee,*

Leis an Lurg - ainm o hò *Leis an Lurg-ainndubh io*
On the Loor - gin, yo ho, *On the Loor-gin doo, yo*

*gin pronounced with hard "g" as in the English word be-gin, and yet somewhat like "k" in "kin"

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hi B'eig-inn falbh le cuid seòl
 hee; "We must sail by night - fall,"

ff
col 2d.

Thuir an sgiob - air o hi
 Cries the skip - per, o hee,

mf
L.H.

Ri chuid ghill - ean o hò
 to his *gill - yan, o ho;

L.H.
2d. * *2d.*

"Glac - aibh mis - neach o hi 's dean - aibh
 "Up the an - chor, o hee, To your

* *2d.* * Gillean - lads. * *2d.* *

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

dìch - ioll, a sheòid"
ropes with you all."

Leis an Lurg-ainn o hì Leis an Lurg-ainn o
On the Loor-gin, yo hee, On the Loor-gin, yo

hò Leis an Lurgainndubh o hì B'eig-inn falbh le cuid
ho, On the Laor-gin doo, yo hee, We must sail by night-

seòl
fall.

An Cuan
* "Crowd her

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

* From the translation by Malcolm Macfarlane.

Eir - eann o hì
sails on? o hee,

L.H. *L.H.*

Muir ag eir - igh o hò Cha bu
Thro' high gales, on o ho, Sure as

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

léir dhuinn o hì Nì fo'n ghréin ach na
sea - gull go we E'en thro' rain - - storm and

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

neòil.
squall.

Ad.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

Leis an Lurg-ainn o hì Leis an
On the Loor-gin, yo hee, On the

R.H. * L.H. Ped.

Lurg-ainn o hò Leis an Lurgainn dubh o hì B'eig-inn
Loor-gin, yo ho, On the Loor-gin doo, yo hee, We must

R.H. Ped.

falbh le cuid seol.
sail by night - fall.

ff * Ped.

ff * Ped.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

CHRISTMAS DUANAG.

DUAN NOLLAIG.

Method of Chanting Christmas Carols etc.


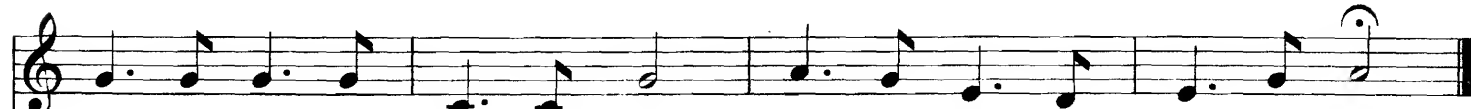
From the Chanting of Duncan Macinnes, Eriskay.

VOICE.




Hei - re Bannag Hoi - re Bannag Hei - re Bannag air a' bheo
Hey the Bannock Ho the Bannock Hey the Bannock ¹air a viò
 Mac na niul-a Mac na neul-a Mac na run-na Mac na reula
Son of Dawn Son of Clouds Son of Plan-ets Son of Stars
 Hei - re Bannag Hoi - re Bannag Hei - re Bannag air a' bheo
Hey - re Bannak Ho - re Bannak Hey - re Bannak air a viò

PIANO.

'Ginn - se duinn gu'n d'rug - adh Criosd Righ nan Righ, a tir na slaint.
Tell - ing us that Christ was born King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
 Mac na dile Mac na deire Mac na spire Mac na speura.
Son of Riv - ers Son of Dew Son of Wel - kin Son of Sky.
 Hei - re Ban - nag Hoi - re Bannag Hei - re Ban - nag air a' bheo.
Hey - re Ban - nock Ho - re Bannock Hey - re Ban - nock air a viò.




¹ On the living. The words are from the first volume of "Carmina Gadelica."


HEBRIDEAN WAULKING SONG.

Ho! mo leannan.

Air and Chorus from the singing of
Penelope Macdonald Eriskay.
Words from Island of Eigg.

Noted and arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

VOICE. 

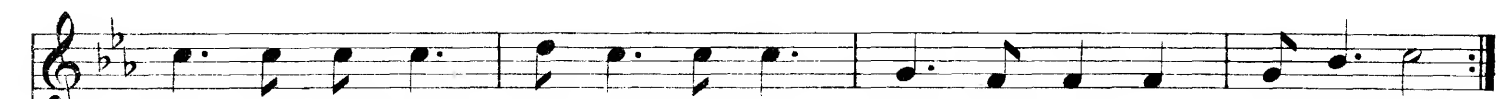
PIANO. 

With Cad.

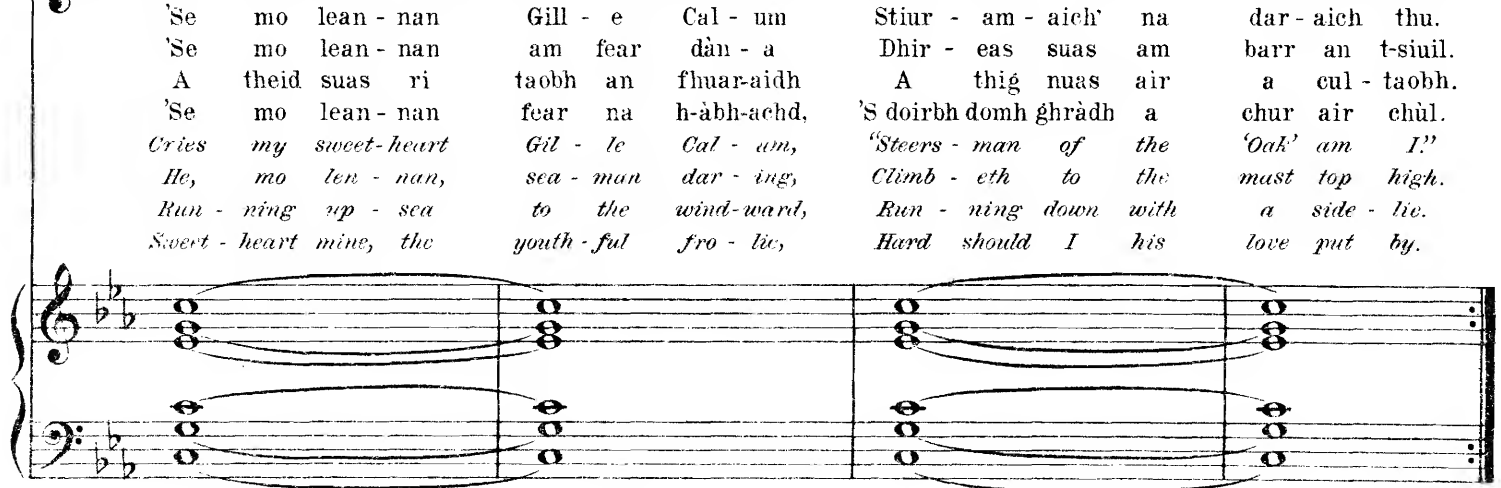


He! mo lean-nan 'Se mo lean-nan am fear ùr Ho! mo lean-nan He! mo lean-nan.
Hey mo len - nan! Hey mo len - nan, ny new wooer. Ho mo leu - nan! Hey mo len - nan!





'Se mo lean-nan Gill - e Cal - um Stiur - am - aich' na dar - aich thu.
'Se mo lean-nan am fear dàn - a Dhir - eas suas am barr an t-siuil.
A theid suas ri taobh an fhuar-aidh A thié nuas air a cul - taobh.
'Se mo lean-nan fear na h-àbh-achd, 'S doirbh domh ghràdh a chur air chùl.
Cries my sweet-heart Gil - le Cal - am, "Steers - man of the 'Oak' am I."
He, mo len - nan, sea - man dar - ing, Climb - eth to the mast top high.
Run - ning up - sea to the wind-ward, Run - ning down with a side - lie.
Sweet - heart mine, the youth - ful fro - lic, Hard should I his love put by.



* leannan = sweetheart

Ho! mo lean-nan He! mo leannan 'Se mo leannan am fear ùr Ho! mo lean-nan
(Ho mo len - nan Hey mo len - nan Shay mo len - nan a fèr oor Ho mo len - nan)

Fine.

He! mo lean-nan. Marbhaisg air na gill-eàn òg-a Tha cuid dhiubh gu seol-ta diuid.
Hey mo len-nan.) Gu'n tig cuid le ceol 's le tar-tar Làn de that-adh fo do shuil!
Comhairle bheir-inu fèin air cail-eig Lean-nain a bhi aic-e triuir!
'S ged a dheanadh fear a fàg-aill Bhiodh a dhà aic' air a cùl!
*Sor-row take them, those young sweet-hearts, Some of them are shy and sly.
O - thers come with clank and mu-sic, Full of tur-ing, while we're nigh.
I ad-vise you all young las-ses, Keep three sweet-hearts in your eye.
And if one of them for-sake you, Two for you still hope-ful sigh.*

Waulking songs of various types are used in the course of shrinking one and the same web of cloth. Beginning with a moderately slow tempo they become ever more fast and furious. When the shrinking process is complete, the web is rolled up and clapped to a lively song. The quaint specimen here given was phonographed from the singing of Mary Johnstone, The Glen, Barra.

A Lively clapping song.

Ho co bheir mi leam air an luing Eir-eann-aich? Ho co bheir mi leam air an luing
Eir-eann-aich, Ho co bheir mi leam? Na co phear-sa bheir mi leam air an luing
Eir-eann-aich, Ho co bheir mi leam air an luing Eir-eann-aich? Ho co bheir mi leam?

Hebridean Waulking Song.

ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.

Alasdair Mhic o-hó
Cholla ghasda, o-hó
As do laimh gu'n o-hó
Earbainn tapadh trom eile.
Mharbhadh Tighearn
Ach-nam-Breac leat.
Thiodhlaigeadh an
Oir an loch e.

'S ge beag mi fein
*Bhuail mi ploc air.

Chuir sid gruaim air
Niall a' Chaisteil.

Dh' fhag e lionn-dubh
Air a mhacaibh.

'S bha Ni' Lachlainn
Fhein 'ga bhasail.†

'S bha Nic-Cònaill†
'N deigh a creachadh.

'S beag iòghnadh dhith
B' fhiach a mac e.

* Probably helped to put green turf on his grave.

† In some districts means to dress a corpse; in others, to wring one's hands in sorrow.

‡ Nic-Dhomhnaill.

THE above fragment evidently refers to the Battle of Inverlochy, fought in 1645 between the Covenanters (led, in the absence of Argyll, by Campbell of Auchinbreck) and the Royalists under the Marquess of Montrose. The hero of the song is the "Colkitto" of English writers, Alasdair Macdonald (son of *Colla Ciotach*, "Coll the left-handed"), Montrose's chief lieutenant in his short but splendid campaign on behalf of King Charles I.

As might be expected, heroic verse bulks largely in Gaelic poetry, and the fame of a clan depended, and still depends perhaps, as much on luck with the song as on luck with the sword. What the bards sang long ago, the folk now believe, and the unpopularity of more than one clan may be traced to the hostility of song. A really good bard made a most dangerous enemy; he generally took a one-sided view of things, the view of his own clan or district, but the song survived and ultimately came to form the ideas of a much wider area than the one to which it had originally appealed. But if the bard was strong in abuse, he was even stronger in praise—fortunately for several of the western clans and families! In a moment of inspiration, some old Macdonald bard sang of the Lord of the Isles as *Buachaille nan Eilean*, "the Shepherd of the Isles," and for centuries after the downfall of the Island Kingdom, the thought could touch the hearts of men whose heads were proof against an Argyll's subtlest diplomacy. The Macdonalds of Clanranald and the Macleods of Dunvegan were doubtless "bonnie fighters," but it is no reproach to them to say that they owe a good deal of their traditional glory to song and music.

This is the Clanranald of the bards:

M'eudail m' eudail Mac 'ic Ailein,
Cabrach a measg fhiadh nam beann thu,
Bradán a measg bhreac nan allt thu,
Ailleagan a measg nan eala,
An long as àirde thig gu eala.

My treasure, my treasure, Clanranald,
Stag among the deer of the bens,
Salmon among the trout of the streams,
Loveliest among the swans,
Loftiest ship that makes the harbour.

And this is Macleod:

Mac-Leoid a Dunbheagain
Nam pioban 's nam feadan,
'S mi gu'n deanadh do fhreagairt
Le fead chinn a' mheòir.

Siubhal fad aig mo ghràdh-sa
Le ghilleann 's le bhata,
An doineann do thàladh
S a' bhàirlinn do cheol.

Macleod from Dunvegan
Of the pipes and the chanters,
Blythe would I thee answer
With the finger-end trill.

A far-rover my love is
With his lads and his long-boat,
The tempest thy lull-song,
Thy music the waves.

Unfortunately, the old clan-songs are fast dying out, even in the Hebrides, and the fragments which remain are in many cases so mutilated as to be of little value either as tradition or as poetry, though they are always worth rescuing for the sake of the airs to which they are sung.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.

(Alasdair Mac Colla.)

As phonographed from the singing of Annie Macneill, Barra.
An Old Barra Waulking Song.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With heroic fervour.

PIANO.

Al - as - dair Mhic o - i - ho Choll - a ghas - da o - i - ho As do laimh gu'n o - ho
Al - is - ter, brave son art thou, of Coll the splen - did, o - ho 'Twas thy hand, that struck the blow,
Ach nam breac lies low By the loch shore o - ho Him they bu - ry o - ho

CHORUS.

Ear - bairn tap - adh trom ei - le. Chall eil - ibh o hi chall o ho ro chall eil - ibh o - hao chall o ho - ro
Thine the brave deed, trown ai - ly. How - lay - leev - o - hee How - lo - ho - ro How - lay - leev - o - how how - lo - ho - ro
And for him make moan and wailing.

Chall a lo hao ri - o chall a ho ro Hao i o ho trom ei - le.
How - la - lo how - ree - o, how - la ho - ro, Ha - o - ee o ho, trown ai - ly.

THE CELTIC GLOOM.

HEBRIDEAN folk-song, with its sadness and its longing, will probably be brought forward as another proof of what is called the Celtic Gloom. It would be a mistake, however, to think that the word gloom covers the whole or anything like the whole of western life and character. The Celt is a creature of extremes; his sadness is despair, his joy is rapture; and owing to quite explainable causes, the extreme of sadness makes the greater impression both on himself and on the outside world. "The sigh goes further than the shout," as the Gaelic proverb puts it; a whole day's rapture is soon forgotten, but a sigh in the night lingers long in the ear and heart. A stranger once attended a *deireadh-buana*, a harvest festival, in one of the isles; the music of pipe and fiddle, the mouth-tunes, the dancing, the merriment, all were equally glorious and uproarious; in the midst of it all, a woman chanted a croon of longing and pathos; ever after, the Hebrides meant to the stranger a tired woman and a yearning in the night. Just as in a man's own life one week of real pain makes a greater impression than a whole year of gladness, so in judging others, whether individually or as a race, he is less affected by the frequent laughter than by the occasional sigh. In the Hebrides one's judgment is further affected by the weirdness of the physical features—the sea and the land ever meeting in strange ways and forms and with strange sounds—and in some cases at any rate, the gloom is in the observer himself, whether Celt or non-Celt, rather than in the people observed. Some years ago two Gaels sat in the chapel-house of Eriskay and for hours recited to each other humorous Gaelic songs and stories, the one those of South Uist, the other those of Eigg and Skye. In both cases the audience, though small, was appreciative and laughed as heartily as the soft light of a peat fire in twilight would allow; then, all of a sudden, the humour and the laughter ceased. The Western Sea breaking on the shores of Uist had taken advantage of a momentary lull in the conversation to make itself heard, and almost unconsciously the talk became a paraphrase of the Morvern bard's wistful lines:

'S mi air m'uillinn air an t-sliabh
'S mi ri iargain na bheil uam,
'S tric mo shùil a' sireadh siar
Far an laigh a' ghrian's a' chuan.

On the hillside I recline,
Ever yearning for the lost,
Ever looking to the west,
Where the sun sets in the sea.

Later on the two men, still full of the Celtic Gloom, strolled through the mystic treeless island, and in the faint moonlight everything they saw and heard became steeped in sadness. And though boisterous reels were being danced in one cottage, and light airy iorrams, boat-songs, were being sung in another, yet the very joy-sounds seemed to die away in a yearning and a sigh. So ever meet the two extremes in the Celtic character; the rapture needs little excuse to rush into dance and frolic or, in its more restrained mood, into humour and laughter, but the sound of a distant wave may at any moment turn it into the depths of sadness. And this reminds one of another element in the case which ought not to be forgotten. The Celtic rapture finds its natural outlet in shout and dance and physical exertion, things which do not last; the Celtic Gloom, on the other hand, relieves itself in song and music, things which last and can be handed down from generation to generation. And there is the further difference that such songs of rapture as do exist are sung mostly by men in the prime of life, and are oftenest heard in the village tap-room or on the way home from market, while the songs of gloom are crooned by the old men and by the women, old and young, at the fireside, with the children sitting at their feet. This partly explains the remarkable fact that, while the sweetest songs of gloom are on the lips of the folk, the best specimens of the songs of rapture are to be found in the published works of the known bards.

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The Western Sea, as every islesman knows, can, even on a quiet evening, laugh like a youth whose love-tale is running smoothly, and moan like an aged man bewailing the sins of the past; both the laugh and the moan, however, are the children of the *atmosphere* rather than of the sea itself.

KENNETH MACLEOD.